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California

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My Darling -

Today dawned bright and cheerful, and, for Japan, was really fine. I didn't have to go to Sick Call, because I had to go aboard the ST 1084 for my critique on the inspection I did Monday. There, as usual, I was treated royally by all. The navy really thinks a lot of their Doctors. All went well, I had no criticism; it was the cleanest ship I've ever been aboard, and my suggestions were all about minor details.

I got back in time for lunch, and there got the word that Team 22 had received orders. After lunch, I went to the Liaison office and found we had, in truth, gotten in dispatch orders, to leave on 29 February at 0530, for Pusan, Korea, to relieve team 17. The duty there is supposed to be good. We operate



daily and multiply on the  
U.S. and Allied personnel who  
need it, and go over to Kojé-do,  
a P.W. island off Pusan,  
and there can pick what we  
desire for the day.

Kojé-do is the site of the  
riots last week. I heard today  
that the Reds are demanding  
that the troops who put down  
the riot be punished for quelling  
the riot. What gall those  
idiots have.

I've thought it over seriously,  
and have thought it best that  
I write your letters as from  
Japan rather than telling you  
where I am. It's not because  
I'm going anywhere that will  
be at all dangerous, will be  
over a hundred miles from the  
front, but will be in Korea,  
and anything can happen as far  
as orders are concerned, so I  
don't want you to worry. Your  
letters to me here will be



forwarded, and will reach me  
quicker than they would if  
sent direct.

I have sat down tonight  
and written several letters  
to you, to be mailed by one  
of my room mates, Danny  
O'Regan, at irregular intervals.  
The contents, I've tried to make  
sound natural. I want you  
to know that I love you  
more than anything else in  
the world, that I'd never  
try to deceive you, and deception  
is not what I have in mind.  
But you seem to have enough  
on your hands without worrying  
about me.



28 February 1952

My dearest —

Today, the team met at the Liaison Office, and I took the Chief, the operating room technician, Tony, and Gene LaForest over to Supply to check the inventories. We've been told repeatedly whenever we ask, that anything we could possibly need is present, but on each inspection, we've found numerous absent bits of gear, and on asking, we've heard that these "are removed so no one will walk off with them." Today, we found there are no dissecting scissors, no stethoscope, no manometer, and many other things on the standard block inventory, so we put in a formal requisition.

Until this happened, the Chief of the team, and the supply chief were shaking their heads over "those kids." They don't, nor will they again.



I checked out a .45 next. It seems that the Geneva Convention forbids our having them, but I'll start leaving it when the Reds start living by the Convention. It feels good on the hip.

Then, I got paid; I was expecting the whole balance on this month's pay, but it seems that I got \$25 for the period 16 thru 28 February, and \$35 for 29 February. What a setup! I tried to buy a set of khakis, but there were none to be had here. I mailed a package home with all the things I have on hand for fall.

Since then, I've been squaring away 1001 details, so that I'll be ready to go at 0445 in the A.M., for Stargis where I'll catch a plane for Pusan. Will beat the 14th Field Hospital A.P.O. 59, 1/2 P.M., Frisco.



You won't read this till later,  
but I still want to tell you  
that I adore you, beloved, that  
every minute of every day I  
long to hold you in my  
arms, feel your sweet lips  
on mine, your soft fragrant  
hair in my face, how gentle  
but strong arms about my  
neck, I feel you give to my  
embrace. Good night,  
angel. Tomorrow will be  
from Korea.



29 February 1952

Leap day - Stuyi Air Field  
My dearest -

I We got up and out at 0445 today, had instant coffee for breakfast, then beard and brush. The chief was not here, so we had to go and break him out. He was trying one on, or rather had his shoe on, and was slowly slipping it off.

I We drove out of the base as the snow started, proceeded over the route 1 of Japan to Yokohama, teeth rattled at each shell hole, snow blotting out the road. The snow was coating the dykes among the rice patches like doughnut frosting, the water between was black by contrast and the rice shoots seemed like gray dots on the black field. The hills beyond were hazy through the snow, some as white and gray mottling against the milk white sky.



We made it from Yokohama  
to Atsugi over a true 1 1/2 hour  
Airtollage, skimming the Nippon  
taxis and minute autos at each  
turn, and finally bounced over  
an antique stone block road  
to the air base. Now we're sitting  
in operations, awaiting the plane's  
warmup. They've just called us  
to board the plane, so I guess  
we're off.

It's now night. We got  
aboard in a howling snow storm  
and took off into at least no  
ceiling, and headed westward.  
In about an hour we got out of  
it all, and saw the sun shining  
bright on the omnijaded  
patties and massive snow  
clad mountains of southwest  
Japan.

After a long sleep, we  
found ourselves landing in  
the Fusan area, at the  
K-9 airfield.



We then got our first view  
of Awa. The country so far  
is a vast expanse of hills  
rising for a thousand or so  
feet at an angle of 50-60  
degrees precipitously from  
the narrow valley floor.  
The hills are entirely lacking  
in pavement, scattered with  
deep holes, filled with  
earth & shales by heavy  
trucks.

The houses are thatched  
roofed huts of pith or  
the people are different from  
the Japanese, but I  
cannot describe any difference  
specifically. I think they are  
Burmese, and yet on the whole  
is more varied in color, and  
more attractive. The people are  
reportedly much less plain  
than the Japanese, but appear  
to be plain at first glance.  
That culture, however, is



obviously different. In Japan,  
the people are solicitous, or, at  
least, they have a scope to  
help us, to please us, to help;  
while here, the people are  
poor, have lived under the  
heel of tyrannic military  
rule, and yet the stream  
is arrogant, completely unjust-  
arbitrary, even though staying.

A crew of Koreans un-  
loaded the plane for us, and  
found a few lunch boxes  
that must have been eaten by  
us; and digging they went, it  
was as if they had eaten in  
months.

We passed the base, or  
rather the hospital, and were met  
by the army quartermaster for  
Jap, the adjutant, in a  
sedan. He brought us 3  
officers, while a "six-by"  
brought out guns, and  
the enlisted men.



Here, we were put on the  
orthopedic service, and were  
billeted temporarily. We  
were expected (they heard we  
were coming, but had done  
nothing about it) in quarters  
provided by men on 5 day  
passes to Japan.

The crew is in a  
quonset hut to themselves,  
with the Chief in charge.  
We are in another with a  
group of army doctors.

The Hospital is a  
large (8,000 bed) affair  
of quonset huts, set in all  
a bay valley, surrounding  
what was once a Korean  
Hospital. The hospital  
houses the administrative  
facility, while the actual  
hospital is outside. The  
operating rooms are in  
the old hospital, are 3  
in number, with two tables



to the room. The volume of surgery is large, the type is definitive, the patients, except for emergencies, are all Red Africans and Chinese, either V.J.'s or internees, one Russian female among the latter.

What amazes me is the youth of the Command. Before arrival here, I was convinced that the Navy was unduly slow in its promotions, requiring 4 years from commission till promotion to Lt., while the army makes a man a Captain in 1 year. Now, there are 2 field hospitals combined, the 3rd & 4th Fields. The C.O. of the 3rd is a Captain whose age is less than mine, who had an internship which made him a captain and 18 months in the



army since. In the 14th, to  
which we're attached, the C.O.  
is a Lt. Col. of 34-35, who  
should be assistant chief  
of a service at some hospital.  
The Chief of Surgery is a captain  
with 1 year's hospital training,  
the chief of orthopedics has had  
2 yrs., (or rather) 8 months of  
training. I believe firmly  
now that the discrepancy  
in army & navy promotions  
is not with the army who  
give promotions and commands  
far too easily.

I'd rather be a j.g. in the  
navy doing what I'm qualified  
to do, than a captain in the army  
without supervision doing what  
I am not yet qualified to do.

The Chow Chow, for the  
navy, is costless, the PX  
carries nothing, and were  
allowed \$10 worth of W on  
(the local currency, at 2,000  
to the dollar) per month, so



I should have a large amount  
per month here. I don't  
know how long we'll be here,  
but I estimate from 1 to  
3 months, unless the armistice  
should come through, in which  
case, we'll go to the front and  
accompany the P.W. exchange.  
Tonight, on returning  
from the movie, "whose name  
I can't remember," I was met  
by my O.R. tech and a cpl.  
from the army's security, who  
told me that our team gear  
was still in the C.B., and  
was in the barn, unprotected.  
The chief had supposedly  
arranged that I would  
guard it away. The army  
has no planks, just 4 forks.  
What an outfit!

Now, that's a pretty good one,  
a knock down, drag out affair.  
I'm more & more impressed  
that the Navy is much more  
of a gentleman's service,



and get, they turn a job well  
done, and because they're gentlemen,  
its without publicity.

For now folks, I'll  
say good night. I love you  
very beloved; and for my  
two young ones I love daily.  
Good night beloved.



1 March 1952

My Darling —

Last night's frosts have turned out even larger in proportion than I'd thought. When I awoke this morning, there wasn't a whole chair or table in the place, and there were but two of us able to walk without a heavy list to starboard. The skipper was somewhat upset over it. When we went to meet him today, he ranted about it for half an hour.

We met the chief of orthopedics, by name "Miller", coincidentally, a Captain who finished school in '47, is only a couple of years younger than I, but who reportedly knows his orthopedics. He took Lane and I to see the ward where I have. It's a 400 bed affair, in 8 quonset huts, all with dirt floors, heated with pot bellied stoves, and bedded with army cots. The patients keep their own charts, any scrap of paper that happens to be available at



the time, and their own X-rays. They are, about 90%, osteomyelitis of any and every bone in the body; with a few prostheses in the stage of development, a few thoracic defects that have had, or will need transplants, a few peripheral nerve injuries. We have 50 asters posted for surgery when possible, 4 flap & grafts, 2 tenorrhaphies, and one nerve repair. These will be done within 2-3 weeks.

Today I posted another osteo, a split graft, a flap graft, and an amputation (hind thigh) which will be done as an emergency when I can get his proteins and hemoglobin up to normal.

These patients are most uncooperative however. They remove their own casts on the 1st or 2nd day if they don't like them, they puncture wounds with pins or knives, and submerge into them, so that they won't get better, and be returned to the regular enclosures. They



don't seem to care about the

resultant deformity, disability, or loss of limb. The ratos I'm posting today started out as a small. I've noticed of the ankle which he rubbed with feces. His best one lay at the knee and the other at the ankle already, has lost 50 pounds weight, is almost dead from chronic infection.

Mind riots here are a commonplace. We had one tonight in one of the compounds, I understand. We heard nothing of it here at the U.S. quarters.

I designed a shoulder patch for team 22 today, and sent the patch to Yokosuka to have them make. If we're in the army, we might as well get patches on our uniforms, and we are in army uniforms here, except for the tops.

Darling, I miss you constantly. I long mostfully to be near you again, to feel you filling my empty arms. Believe me, I'm your angel, I adore you.



2 March 1952 - Sunday

My lowest -

Sunday here is just another day, making seven to the week. The only difference being that on Sundays, if we are caught up, we can unofficially leave at noon for the morning.

I got the story today on the to do list right. There are 90 Communists among the PW's, the rest claim not to be. The non-Communists held a "people's court" to try the communists, with a sentence of death for the guilty. The court was disbarred, the members apprehended, the "prisoners" released. The CID has been interrogating all day. Three of the Communists are still missing, but out through the gates & over the fence.

Another point of interest here is the head, or latrine. It's the largest slit trench latrine in the world, covers an acre or more. I'll probably get a



Patient. Pak Ki Nam  
Nationality ~~Chinese~~ North Korean  
Sex Male  
Age 13 (estimated)  
Duration of Complaints - 24 hrs.  
C.C. - Typical of Ap.  
PMH - Chole'ectomy - July 1951  
Lysis of Adhesions - July '51  
Htectomy (12 inches) - Jan. '52  
Dx - Appendicitis, acute, mild.  
P. op. Dx - 1) Appendicitis, mild.  
2) Tuberculous peritonitis, mild.  
3) Multiple adhesions.

picture of it.

Gene and I made ward rounds this AM, and discovered a case of appendicitis. The patient was a 13 year old North Korean conscripted who was captured last May, had his gall bladder out in July for unknown reasons, had a Cholecystomy for lysis of adhesions 2 weeks later. On January '52 he had resection of 18 inches of terminal ileum for gangrene of unknown etiology, and had minimal post op of his feet for going into shock. Hence, I got him yesterday. Yesterday, he first noted pain in the mid abdomen followed by nausea and vomiting, then localization of the pain at McE Burney's point. Exam showed tenderness, lateral to all scars, and not connected with them, with gaseous rebound tenderness, and moderate rigidity. Rectal tenderness was high on the right. Lab studies were all normal.

Exploratory lap thru a



right rectus incision, excising the lower part of the previous wound. The R.H.Q. was a mass of adhesions, but most of them were soft. The lower small bowel was relatively normal after lysis of adhesions, except for a few white, soft, subserous nodules about 3-5 mm in diameter, 12 inches proximal to the cecum. The ileocecal valve was patent, and solid. The appendix was mildly injected.

The patient is doing well so far.

No other news of events, my darling. Even though you won't feel this for a month or more, I want you to know that I adore my girl, that I long for you and for my little family constantly. Dad, Alvin, Joan, and sweetie, and they long for me, then little Lyla, the same. Good night, love.



3 March 1952

My latest day -

Today, I started work, actually. This A.M. I started by doing a skin graft to an ulcer above the ankle, in the position of a varicose one, resulted though from arterio. I did a leucoderma type excision, & graft. Then I helped on 4 segmentectomies for arterio.

At work rounds I found a few more who need surgery, and posted them. Then, I took off to Pusan, with 2 of my corpsmen to get paid. We had to hitch hike in.

As we got to the exit from the camp the cold struck us like a blow, even a single pers. The road is strictly dirt all the way, untraveled, with a pea soup fog of dust over every thing. Along the road, the houses were of unpainted, dirty gray, rotting lumber, with huge gaps & holes where the wood has rotted out. Dirt floors, windless, with roofs of statch or broken tile. The people are slovenly dressed in mud & feel spotted clothes, the skirts for women being at the ankles & clinging to the ground, with a belted jacket on top. There were raggy britches tucked into rubber moccasins, high waisted also, with similar jackets. The old men wear this of white, with the black stove pipe hat so typical of Korea. I plan to get one



of them. I priced them today, at 60,000 Won,

or #10. I could find no coins, but probably can later on, if I look around. We went back to the Q ship & were paid, then went aboard the "Hansen" and saw the beauties of a well equipped hospital floating on an APA for which it was wonderful, the clean living. Then the beach again, and we wandered about the street awhile.

There are but few souvenir shops, the prices are high as the sky, and there is next to nothing to be had. Korean silk bathrobes, canvas jackets painted with the Korean flag for children, and Japanese imitations of Russian cigarette lighters, fountain pens, and jewelry, all of poor grade, and at more than retail prices. The shops are but flimsy, dirty, usually falling apart at the rotted wood seams.

The ride back was bumpy over the ruts in the rear of a 6 ty army truck, taking 30 minutes to traverse 8 miles, at top speed. (Emph.) We barely made it in time for sleep.

I'll go again, one time, to get the Korean hat and a few coins, and that is all. Good night beloved.



4 March 1952

My Dearest wife -

How I miss you, beloved, and how glad I am that you're not in the army, forced to stay indefinitely at this place, for up to two years. These fellows are really stuck in the bond of civilization. For the Navy, we get to the bondock, but we move around land and back, instead of making it a semi-permanent stay. Today, a large dose of typical army stuff was dish out. The officers, in fact, told that they must expect to be sent from place to place, such as Kaja-Do, the front, or other such places. The thing is, they hate these poor characters. They hate all coming since. They hate it here, but they have to do this, and don't want to leave.

Last night, after I wrote, I went to the movies, saw "Crosswind" with only a dozen film breaks, and 2 films where the reels were shown backwards.

Today, I scribbled on a vein ligation with the army's version of a



surgeon. He took 100 minutes to do a simple multiple ligation, without a high ligation, done for varicose veins and elevation. I started by suggestion of definitive therapy, was ignored, made a few more comments, then gave up. He's my age, no residency, but a Captain and M.C.O. of the 3rd Field Hospital, therefore he can get by with it. Nuts to military medicine where years in slavery take precedence over training and experience! Then, he helped me do a squamous tumor on a hip. It came out all right, but the fellow already has a femoral shaft to pelvis fusion, traumatic, so he'll have a stiff hip anyway.

This afternoon, I finally got started organizing my ward. With records only on scraps of paper, I could make nothing of it; so I got some Mary notebooks, and am putting a patient on a page, with a history, physical exam, treatment, etc., as in a good record, though abbreviated. That way, I should get things straightened out, in time. It's an awful mess, really.

Tonight, we are having another movie, on something more to break up the



amuse.

Tomorrow, I help the same Captain to do  
a radical nerve-gain. After today's process,  
it should be a rare bit of experience.

My dearest, I miss you and the full  
more than I can ever put into words. It's  
completely lonely, even when there are dozens  
of people about. None can take your place  
even partially. I miss the look of your  
when I come home in the evening, the hubbub  
I have when Allen is jumping all over the  
place, Laura scolding, and I grow with you  
first among them trying to fix supper. I miss  
Allen wanting to go to the bathroom in the  
midst of supper. I miss Allen's sitting in the  
bathroom, Laura in my arms not eating and  
spitting all over me. Then I miss my talks  
with you in the evening, and your looking  
into when you come in your nightgown  
to kiss me goodnight, with that desire of  
seduction in mind, knowing that never  
have I been able to resist you. But  
really dearest, I never want to resist you.  
I love the softness of your sweet fragrant  
skin, the warmth of your lips on my  
cheek, your fluffy hair in my face.  
I miss your soft, warm, pleasant body



around to mine, vibrantly living, giving  
yourself to me. I miss the one miss of us.  
I long for the day when once again we two  
will be one, in spirit, in body, and  
in happiness.

I'm looking forward to our second  
honeymoon, my dearest, when we may again  
start a marriage, daily and nightly, from  
coast to coast. When I get my re-  
lief to come home, I'll have a choice of  
surface or air transportation. If I have  
3 or 4 days notice, I'll take air so that  
you can drive across country to meet me.  
If I get only a few hours notice, I'll take  
surface. Whichever way I come, I  
want you to start the next morning  
for the port I designate, and meet me  
there. If you're early for the meeting, it  
will be all right, because in this way  
you'll have established railroads, even if  
for a short time.

I'll come in either Seattle or Fresno.  
If it's Seattle, I want you to stop at the  
Olympic Hotel, or leave word at the dock  
there where I can find you. If it's Fresno,  
stop at the St. Francis Hotel, or  
leave word at the dock there. Good night.



5 March 1952

My dearest -

Another day, another dollar, the  
ennui becomes greater daily. The  
"movie" last night was a group of  
T.V. shows on film. The first,  
"Mike" something or other, a families  
one, with a real spy story. Next,  
Faye Emerson became as nervous  
as her mother-in-law, interviewed  
some self-conscious neurosexual.

I got up and left.

This morning, the schedule was  
piled up, so that instead of helping on  
one case, I did five. I aspirated a  
finger, then three tibial sesamoid bones,  
then a manipulation of contractures of the  
knees. Life stuck in a sorry excuse  
for a hospital, with the sanitation  
of a pre-war gas post house.

This afternoon, I went at it on the  
word again. I'll get it caught up soon,  
I hope, that is if I'm here for any length  
of time. I have a real selection there, all  
right, and should know enough about  
osteo to take care of any I'll ever see  
though I practice a hundred years.



Tonight, after supper, I got word that one of  
the aid men on my compound was found hanged  
to death. Investigation has begun, and will  
probably report suicide, but none here will  
believe it, we all suspect that the "peoples  
court" has been in session again. My only  
regret is that they didn't get a dozen of them.  
The aid men are P.W.'s who speak English  
understand English, and who can carry  
the dressing case, run wounds, and report any  
and every complaint of pain etc. to the surgeon.

I'm happy not to have been on the beach  
when the storms and tidal waves struck, even  
though Yokosuka is quite a way from the  
spot's hit. I think the snow storm we left in  
the midst of was the one that started the  
elemental disturbances. Here, so far, we've  
had no rain, though it's been cloudy every  
evening, and cold in a biting way.

I think Landon, from school (I think  
you met him) came back from R & R in  
Japan today. He's looking well, seems to  
thrive on this life, even though he likes  
it about as well as I. He and I will  
probably throw a St. Val. party from  
Rugby Road sometime in the near future.  
His sister married which Alfred (Pete)



brother) last January 16 in, what the  
photographs show to be a wonderful affair.  
Hank is upset over missing it, for  
obvious reasons. Stu Boy was there,  
drunk as usual. Everyone had a fun,  
and was enjoying no pain, but Hank's  
mother was very disgusted with Stu for  
being abnormally polluted. Then, 2 days  
after the reception, Hank's dog came  
wandering about the house with a  
black shoe in his mouth. The  
Landons decided to search for any  
other details of the party, and found  
Stu still drunk & sleeping it off in  
one of the guest rooms. Stu's name  
is still there; but I say it's typical  
of him.

Good night my darling.



6 March 1938

My darling angel -

I tonight have been asked to play  
a mile of bridge, so that I shall  
in one hour. Meanwhile, I'll  
expect all myself from all else,  
and devote my night to you.

I helped this morning on a  
dual onlay bone graft to the humerus  
of a North woman, then spent the  
afternoon at the ward. I got started  
on a systematic checkup on each  
and every one of my patients. I'm  
taking them heartily by heart, and  
filling them into my office for  
evaluation, 25 a day. Today,  
I cancelled 2 from the prep  
list, since they don't need it,  
added 3, and discharged 4 to  
duty, who should have gone long  
ago.

I spent the early evening in  
reading what the Literature has  
to offer on the subject of osteomyelitis,  
and found it horribly deficient.  
The series quoted are of 300,  
500 cases, collected over periods



of 20 to 30 years. Now, we have  
such a tremendous volume, that  
in a month I could report on  
600 or more, and give 6 to 12  
month follow-ups in 6 to 12 months.  
Speaking of papers, darling, will  
you dig out my paper on "Fetus  
Papay Facious" from the files, re-  
type it and change the author's  
last name to "From the Department  
of Obstetrics and Gynecology,  
Germantown Hospital, Philadelphia,  
now surgeon on Navy Surgical  
Team 22 in Korea," and  
ask Dr. Graves where to send  
it, and for advice, for diplomacy,  
to get it into the "Va. Med.  
Monthly." Also, will you get up  
the case on vaccine virus, and  
polish it up, with dad's help, and  
see Radie Gowers about that  
too. It might help me to get  
them published, when I get out.  
I know it would help me get  
later things published, and I  
may have something, after being  
here, that will be worthwhile.



ask Stacie if he thinks it would  
be wise to try the "Journal of  
Abolition & Syn" with the  
former paper. Remember, they said  
to send it back in 2 yrs, 3 yrs  
ago, and they now have a section  
for case reports. Perhaps that would  
be the best bet in any event. Try  
that first, for the fetus. Put  
the black & white photograph  
in with it.

Being here will probably help  
in having it published. When you  
send it, put in a letter to the  
editor, telling him I've written you  
to try it for me again.

This weekend, Gene and  
I plan to go into Pusan again,  
to see the "Shorn" and "Consolation"  
and to buy any souvenirs we  
want to bring back. I want some  
of those black hats, and  
Gene wants a flag of Korea. Then,  
probably, we will desert trips to  
that mighty village of a pre-  
civilized wa.

Again I say, let the fox



met to prevail, "Asia for the Asiatics."

Incidentally, the army took what is estimated to be the first inspection of this bed of filth, and wanted to know why my ward was so filthy, so much like a putrid sewer, why I had let it go to get so. My remark was that to the contrary, we in the navy have progressed remarkably toward knowing the putridity from the pestilential hole, that it was time we had gotten ashore to do it. Another comment of note is that it was about time they got off their duffs and had a look at it.

Beloved, I miss you in my arms tonight, miss the love you give me when we are together, and the love I long to give you. It's being put up in me so that it must burst forth or I'll explode.  
Good night my dearest one.



7 March 1958

My darling -

"The rain came," and 14<sup>th</sup> the Field has in only a few hours been converted to a sea of mud halfway to the knees, slippery, dirty, pest-tidden mud. The water is filling in sheets, the stark, anguished faces about us are in bold relief against a sky of eerie, mottled black and gray, but slightly dim and rendered more hideous by the ghostly veil of the gray storm. The troughs about the wood oil and coal stores are converted to basins of pestilent mire, the beds are inches deep in slimy muck. Yet, the Russians still feel better, they say, than in their own homes.

Day on this day was eerie and dark gray purple, brightening to twilight. It rains on at noon, and, shortly afterward, the monsoon begins. If it continues for long, I'm sure the whole valley will become a lake.



at bay of Lisleland.

Today I helped in a wrist  
fracture, an exploratory subotal,  
arthrotomy, and a pedicle thro-  
desis. That is that for the  
week. Monday, I'm doing a leg  
amputation, and a couple of others.  
I was prevented more than a  
crossing inspection of my work  
today by a lecture this afternoon  
by a visiting fireman, Col.  
Judy. He spent an hour  
telling us what a "unique  
experience you have, to care  
for so many men with such  
a tremendous war wound  
disease," then launched into an  
army medical officer's recanting  
of your. He made no friends,  
as I dropped the morale here  
20 points on the scale. Watch  
the papers, and when he is quiet  
as stating morale is high, take  
it "cum grano salis," as St.  
Blackford used to say.  
Last night, after I wrote,  
the other 3 came over and



we began to play bridge, at  
1/10 cent a point. It became rapidly  
evident that games truly was to  
be the fourth head of finance  
for a weekend for the trio. However,  
I've played that way before, and  
can play it alone and don't if  
I like, and did. I looked foolish,  
indeed 2 slams, doubled  
when it made no difference,  
lost a foolish trick now and  
then, and won \$3.50, a  
little from each of them. They  
bought the drinks too, trying  
to add to their advantages. Ap-  
parently, they are unfamiliar with  
the Stige, which is a given at  
Charlottesville.

I needed about three  
bucks for conveniences, too. Very  
handy.

From the looks of it,  
there will be no great sporting  
activity in the near future; so,  
unless the fees hits the fan,  
I'll probably be here at Pusan  
for the duration of my TAD.



which is a maximum of 3 months  
unless renewed. That will  
probably last me till I'm due  
out of the Navy. I still have not  
heard from the bureau about  
the expiration date, but since  
leaving Yokosuka, I've had no  
mail at all. When your letters  
begin to catch up, my darling,  
I'll probably send you a couple  
about being here. With the first  
load of mail, I should also  
get my reply from Washington,  
though if the present regime's  
usual inefficiency has further  
clattered the navy's usual  
red tape, it may take longer.  
Darling, take care of my  
boy and girl, and make little  
Mike care of you. Tell him I  
hope he likes the silk jacket  
I got him, and that "I hope the  
Electric train will be fun for him  
to play with." The former should  
have arrived in Koorika by now.  
Good night my darling, it's  
a date you.



8 March 1952

My dearest sweet angel—

Today is a red letter day, first because I got my first mail from my darling since arrival at this Sink Hole. Secondly, I looked in the beauties of Athens' principal seaport, for the last time.

Your letter, my dearest, so tender, so sweet, brought heaven to me in just a few notes. You sound a little depressed in the one dated the 25<sup>th</sup>, probably you had subconscious telegraphic warning of my impending orders to this high post. Then, in your next letter of the 26<sup>th</sup>, you sound more cheerful. It sounds as if I had just got one upon Pough all right, if you look at it from afar, for the light of E. 900 miles distance at the atmosphere there has a distinctly comic appearance, 2 oldies who have played out and dog, the latter attempting to be gentle and polite about it, for 30 odd years, well aged in the same house, each



trying to be more of an invalid than the  
other. For you, though, caught with  
2 active and unexpressed infants,  
it must be next to hell. I'm  
sorry, angel, though I can't help laughing  
at it, really. Maybe it's because  
I love you so, and every thing  
about you brings me joy.

This morning, I went up  
through the slush and sleep to  
my work. On the way, I stopped  
and looked about, and was amazed  
at the landscape. The sun was  
out in full glory, pouring over the  
edge of a mile high wall of  
clouds capping the mountain tops  
in which we live. The whole  
landscape was of shades of mottled  
green and brown, that deep purple  
over deep brown shadows in  
royal purple; the clouds were  
of eerie gray, piled in boulders  
on high tops behind us. Beneath  
us, sinking at our feet, a sea of  
slime and corruption.

I got a full day's work  
done by noon (I'm getting my



routine spaded up over here, and  
I think I'm as thorough as ever.

At noon, I met my men,  
and two wanted to go to the prison  
with Tony and me, so we got  
out, after arguing with the army  
for a full hour over a jeep. They  
claimed last week to have plenty  
of jeeps and no drivers, so one of my  
men got an army driver's permit.  
Now, they have plenty of drivers, but  
no jeeps. Anyway, we hitch  
hiked, caught a 3 hr truck, and  
bounced 8 miles to the metropolitan  
Each time I see it, I am amazed  
at the utter lack of any slightest  
sign of pride, of scrup, of anything.  
The streets were packed  
with filthy humanity (?) like  
a herd of swine stampeding through  
an immense wallow. I  
found a shop and bought a  
Korean popanson hat, of hand  
knotted silk thread. I tried to talk  
the keeper below his \$10 quoted  
price, but all I could do was  
to have him throw in two Korean



silk flags of the R.O.K. Then,  
for 9,000 Won, I got a pair  
of Korean shoes, for use as  
shower shoes. They are made on  
the pattern of Chinese Chinese  
silk shoes, but are of rubber. I  
found a fit, and got them. In  
the process, I found a camera store  
with two camera V's in the window.  
I priced them, \$250 apiece. Both  
were in miserable condition. I  
laughed him down and left.  
He admitted they were junk. I  
saw some "Star Sapphires" but  
could see no star in any of them,  
and for better than stated  
prices. I'll find a good one in Japan  
and get it for my girl before I  
leave, if there is one available.

I lost Tony and one of  
the crewmen to my OR trip  
and I headed back home.  
We caught a jeep, asked him  
(the R.O.K. driver) if he was going  
near the 14th Field Hospital.  
"No" he said, "but I'll take you  
as far as I go that way." So we



came to the gate here, I told him we were going there, he said "I go there, too." I told him he worked at 14th F. H., and he was anxious to know what it was. His only work here for 10 months.

So far, I have no Korean coins, but I'll not go to Pusan again for them, under any circumstance. My interpreter is looking for them for me, my horse man and his 2 assistants are looking, and tonight I met Father Craig, the chaplain here, who has been here for 25 years. He's going to get me a few. He says he can do.

Now, I have but one project, to meet up with some Scots, and get a new pipe chanter. The padre told me that there is a regiment of the Seaforth Highlanders about 7 miles from us, so I can probably get one from them. They have one of the best and most famous pipe battalions in the world. Good night, darling. Keep the skin up, and I'll see you soon.



9 March 1953

My dearest -

Sunday, but just another day  
as far as the place here is concerned.  
Up as usual at 0645, then I  
went to the work and saw all my  
patients in hut 3. Now all I  
have to get to are huts 4 and 5.  
I found a bone graft, a wrist  
fusion, and a couple of revisions  
of hand amputations to do, and  
sent only one to duty. Church  
this morning was a fine service  
for dedication, and reminding me  
that Easter is just around the  
corner. My Easter parade will  
be in Olive Drab with a Navy  
hat and insignia, but I do  
dream of you at home in your  
very wide hat and a new  
dress.

This afternoon, the spec.  
called all six of our new men  
here in for a lecture on  
the history of the compound.  
It seems that this was the first  
P.W. enclosure we had, built



in August 1950, called PW  
enclosure #1, with 3 doctors,  
3 MSC's and 16 corporals.  
In October, it was changed  
to enclosure #1, housing the  
3rd Field Hospital of 16 doctors  
and 116 corporals, then in  
December it became combined  
3rd and 14th F. H., and on  
29 December 1950, PW  
enclosure #10 which it is  
now. All PW's are brought  
here for screening before going  
to Hoje-do.

Afterward we got a Cook's  
tour of the place, and while out,  
found ourselves at the edge of  
the rice paddy at the foot of  
high tower, so Gunk and I  
climbed it. It's a beautiful  
view after a 2000 foot climb  
up 60'; looks out over  
Pusan Harbor, back over  
K-9 airfield, and down over  
the enclosure. Way off to the  
north is a range of snow  
capped peaks. The who'says



is hazy blue, with yellow-red  
and stoney blue-gray knives  
cutting the pretty colored flesh of  
the bowl into segments. It  
used up almost half a roll of  
soda chrome, which you will  
probably have received when  
this letter is sent.

Last night, my new  
presentation Pen Pencil set  
was stolen. I'll have to get  
another, and have my name  
or initials put on both barrel  
and cap, when I get home.  
For now, I'll get a chigone.  
Wish I'd brought that gun  
I used at the General.

Tonight, I'm planning to  
play chugs with one of the new  
drivers, then see a sopped up  
Western movie. Tomorrow I  
have an amputation, and 2  
sequestrectomies to do.

Good night my angel.







10 March 1952

My dearest darling -

At the moment I'm in the process of being put on a party program with my pipe. It's a party given by hut 5 (in which I reside) to stimulate interest in the "O club", since interest is lagging a little. Also, hut 5 is the stimulus of all activities here.

I'm going over via specially arranged for jeep to the Barforth Highlands camp near here, to see if I can bag, borrow, win at poker, or otherwise acquire a pipe as a charter for my pipe. I'm to dress in a Scottish kilts and sporran, & break in in the middle of the party with the pipe. They can't get on us for this party, no matter what happens. The course they've asked us to throw it, and have put in a free-lie-ho-for-one-hand deal.

Last night, I played 4 games of chess, won one, lost 2, and stalemated the fourth.



think that was all right, considering  
the time since last I played.  
I am beginning to feel that  
my operating gets better & better is  
rather good however.

Afterward, we watched a reel  
R-U-48 in "The Adventures of  
Captain Fathom". If you haven't  
seen it, don't.

Today, I did my own mod-  
ification of a guillotine amputation  
but mind think for the worst case  
of purulent necrosis of a tibia,  
think that I ever hope to see, then  
two sequestra of tibiae and  
amputations of the tibia, all  
with a Col. somebody gazing  
over my shoulder, being a nuisance.

This afternoon, I got a letter  
from Capt. Spangler at Portsmouth,  
asking me to come back, telling  
me he needs half a dozen like  
me to help him out there.  
Now I'd like to go! It seems  
he's in a quagmire of work, and  
no one to help do it.

I got over a goodly number



of my patients today, so that now  
I only have one hurt and a half  
still to see, and get going on.  
I posted 3 fibulectomies, a  
plastic on a hand, and a  
number of assorted requestorctomies  
today, went a couple to duty,  
who didn't like the idea at all.  
The nurse, who's been here for  
11 months, told me today that  
since I've been here, she's felt  
for the first time that anyone  
was doing any thing for the  
patients. And trying, even in this  
pre-Revolutionary set up, to get  
this place, of no test least, running  
like a hospital.

Darling, I love you. I feel  
as if a life time had passed in  
the two and a half months since  
last I heard from you in  
person that you love me, since  
last I felt you in my arms, and  
felt your hand on my shoulder  
as you had doctored at my  
side. For you, my darling, I  
long constantly.



11 March 1952

My dearest angel -

Another day has successfully  
thrown itself into eternity, and still  
the seconds tick by, the grains of  
sand still measure off the hours,  
and the bowl of heaven pursues its  
cycle from black to flaming gold,  
to azure, thence onward to rich  
red and purple and finally to  
royal blue, with a blinding  
silver gleam in the heaven casting  
deep shadows and frosty highlights  
over all the earth here beneath.

At dawn, the pining among  
the cattle here below above began  
and went away; first to the OK  
where I did first an amputation  
on two ganglions, frostbitten toes,  
in the cold of early morning, then  
a surgery of a foot as the  
heat came up, a talking of  
peak heat, then a phlebotomy,  
followed by manipulation of a  
dislocated wrist.

Fixed, I did but little on  
the word today. I just didn't feel



like it. After supper, an "expert"

lectured on "Nutrition, in and out of the barrel wise." It was an interesting one to hear, despite the title. He seemed to know his stuff, and imparted valuable knowledge to us all.

Afterward began my search for a bag pipe, via Jupp. Eric, one of the M. S. C. L's, a prince of a guy, from New England, got his baggy, and his driver named Randy, and their nice Joe, and we were off. The moon was rising into a sky of clear Royal blue, full as a nearbursting balloon, capping the semisilhouetted cones of Pusan above us. We bounced merrily along to the Seaford Camp, but the Skylanders weren't there. Instead, it is a receiving station, devoid of luxuries, such as a pipe Battalion. We got a lead however, and were off. At R-9, we went to Korea's finest "Club," for a drink and a glass of very excellent old Scotch.



Book. It's a fabulous club, despite  
the paucity of heart, fitted to rival  
the better exclusive clubs of east  
side. I called the pipe number, was  
referred to another, but field tele-  
phones are not of the best, so that  
I got nowhere.

As the Korean Hillbilly Band  
struck up, we struck out for the truck  
home, gently massaged our sacra  
for the 6 miles back. We picked  
up a hitchhiker, whom we thought to  
be British, but he was Scotch. He  
speaks "skosh English." Back  
again, I called my number, and  
it seems that the Istoy pipe was  
given yesterday to a fellow on  
his way to the front. Still no luck;  
and the Scots got the post of  
talked to feel there's no other pipe  
nearer than Seoul. Quite a  
goose chase in the Korean night.

Now, the moon is at its  
zenith, the earth beneath is shadow-  
less, ghostly silver-crosted over the  
eternal blue and deep umber of  
night. Goodnight my darling.



12 March 1952

My angel—

Today was one of dull routine, but no one felt like doing the routine. Nevertheless, we did.

My work now is all caught up. Except for 30 patients, and now I can't get at them because the army has now decided to take all the papers on all of them to fill up some forms for something or other.

I did an amputation revision this morning, and have another tomorrow.

Today, again, has been a negative type of day.

I love you, my angel, with all my heart.



13 March 1954

My Darling -  
Today has been a slight diversion.  
It seems that patients who were to  
be discharged yesterday refused  
to leave, saying "we like our room  
'til", and you said make us go  
to Kaji if we don't want to.  
So, the local authorities said,  
"OK, go on back to your tents,  
and it will be all right." Well,  
the doctors then said that "we  
won't go into the compound; it's  
not safe, if the P.N.'s can  
control the L & S, if they can  
kill one of our interpreters  
and aid boys, if they can send  
the L & S and doctors to death,  
and when 3 of their own went  
at the same time, are still  
missing 2 weeks later, if isn't  
safe for us to go in." Also  
we asked point blank "what  
will happen if one of us is  
killed, will we be passed  
off as suicide the same way  
the aid boy was?" The answer



was, "If we can find who did it,  
we might try him." No attempt  
was made to find the aid  
boy's murderer.

So, the C.O. decided he  
might have to do something  
about it. He called together  
the whole ~~of the~~ <sup>whole</sup> staff, of  
7 doctors, plus the whole  
administrative staff of the  
hospital; and told them  
of a demonstration this AM  
while we were in surgery. It  
seems that the Coy. and  
Commander had again  
called for the discharged  
come in for transport to Kojin.  
As a result, 400 Chinese massed  
outside the C.O.'s office, and  
told him, show their ~~gates~~  
men, that they would not  
allow the ~~men~~ to be sent  
away. He gave them till 1400  
sharp to get those men for  
him, or they'd call in other  
measures.

The C.O. said that the



plan was that the doctors of  
Compound III (Detention) would go to the @ @'s shack at 1400, and wait. If the men didn't show, we were to call the Security Office who would be waiting the call, armed and ready on a seconds notice, to come and guard the party as we were to go in and bring out the P.W.'s individually. That was stupid Command in the first place, to send 7 unarmed men into an enclosure of 1200 or more P.W.'s, especially since they had just that A.M. declared themselves hostile, but it was an order.

We went, as ordered. At 1400, not one of them had appeared, their spokesman was brought down and said that all the Chinese were in one hut and would not leave or give up the 12.



Security was called. We waited. It took security 50 minutes to arrive the 1/4 mile from their office. If the Chinese had attempted to mob us, 500 strong, we'd have stood not one chance, yet no security, no police, no being safe. But finally they came, with fixed bayonets, we closed in and took the 12. The M.D. C.O. kept insisting that his men be gentle with them, don't touch them, let them come and you come with them at their pace.

And, the best of all, the M.D. C.O. got snooty because we couldn't identify each patient by face and name. As if anyone can tell one of these characters from another, and remember the face to put the name, especially when we have 300 to 400 patients apiece.



It's typical of the army. First, the C.O. commands 7 of his officers to go unarmored into a fenced off area of 1200 enemies, known to be actively hostile, with no protection or assurance that it can be gotten. Second, an alerted detachment of men takes 50 minutes to go down a hill to quell a riot which is pending for 3 hours or better before hand. Thirdly, the officers whose lives are jeopardized by the C.O.'s stupidity are chewed out for not knowing something that other members of the hostile group don't know about each other.

Last night, after I wrote, other events transpired which may be of note. I mentioned that the C.O. asked Sgt 5 to put on a party on the coming Saturday, that he wanted a really good affair. So the days of his



5 made plans. I went out looking for a bay pipe, others made many and varied trips about, on their own time, to get things lined up. Yesterday, two of them got all their duties lined up and done early, so they could go to town during the daytime when it was safe to be outside camp, and when stores were open, to get some things that will be necessary for the party. Last night the rain held them from not being on their wards all day. Result, the party, as far as we are concerned, is called off. He can do his own party, giving

Today, I think I am on and I scribbled together. I did a suggestion of a fence, and a real doogie it turned out to be. Hank seems to know a little about surgery, but he's shaky, and shows the result of lack of training



in his unsuiveness of himself.

No great news darling, and the little live newspaper won't make it into any paper, not if the army can cover it up.

Last night I saw "Alice in Wonderland," and thought of you and Iller with each scene. I can see why the little devil was so crazy about it. It's a real mist for any and all children. I wish more than any thing that I could have had them and I saw in my eye last night. It would have been wonderful to have watched their reactions. Darling, I love my little family more than any thing else on earth. Good night beloved.



15 March 1952

My dearest angel -

Yesterday was another of those dull grey days, and I operated for the most of it, did a posterior hip arthroscopy and a sequestrectomy on a badly destroyed tibia. In the afternoon, I got a goodly amount of work done, then dead tired hit the sack. I was awakened by the boys who wanted me to go to the UNRC party at the UNRC 'ally-hall'. I did. I donned my blues, and we all were picked up by a bus from over there, and were brought out there. They have a very delightful hall, about 60 feet square, with a 30 foot dance floor, a large bar full of fine liquors, and tables set with a native dance band kept the rhythm up, with a slightly oriental flavor. We all were looking for a show of British troops,



so I could bum a bag pipe, but none appeared. There were a large number of Ethiopians, and Danish. I got to talking to the third mate of the Jutlandia, and he's going to show me about his ship if I can get down. Hank Laddan was along; he and I began the singing, and kept up a large measure of wahoo spirit throughout the evening. Later on the UNRC put on a bull fight, with a picador, a matador, and a 2 man bull. It was the damndest farce I've watched in a long time. All in all, it was a rather tolerable little party.

Today, we caught on the large measure of the army's chap. The more I hear of it, the more I think I'll be more than delighted to get back to the Navy.

Today, too, I got the patients all finally seen, after a solid



two weeks, with every possible  
hindrance pushed in by the  
army and their type. Now, I  
can make word rounds with  
my own notes, and to hell with  
the army's disorganization.

Tonight, the fellows want  
me to go to another party at K-1,  
but I can't quite see it. I  
think I'll probably stay home  
and read a large measure of  
anatomy, then a good night's  
sleep.

Angel, I adore you, and  
when the orchestra was playing  
last night, old snuff before  
courtship, I was thinking of  
you, and longing to hold you  
again and feel your fingers  
me about the waist, just to  
have you with me again, my  
angel, is all I take. I  
Goodnight my sweetie.



16 March 1952

My dearest -

Today, again I went to Pusan. After a very morning on the wash, conducted finally like a real, honest to God hospital ward round, I went to church, then as I was hanging around, Hank London asked if I'd like to go to town in the CO's sedan. I decided to go, since we were being driven on a Cook's tour. We went to "Little Pittsburgh," with its 8 smoke stacks that don't smoke the country side even more successfully than does the real thing. Next, we went to "Little Chicago," looking for some rice mats, but to no avail, they wanted 5,000 Won for a mat, and \$0.80 is too much for a 4x7 mat, so we were off, except. As I was getting into the car, an old Korean came up, said "Good afternoon, I'm from San Francisco." Well, it turned out that he lived 5 years in Greece,



made more money than he knew  
what to do with. He has a 22,  
repeater 22, repeater etc, from  
house at Sychon, and lots of  
money, and a son 27 in high  
school, and a daughter 19 in  
high school, etc. a manager."  
I still don't know whether he was  
trying to put the bite on me, or  
just poetic.

On we went, looking. We  
tried 4 PX's with out success,  
but getting off into the back  
country of Pusan. At one place,  
the houses consisted of 6 foot square  
by 3 foot deep holes in the ground,  
covered with thatch, sitting along  
the edge of a sewage canal,  
housing families of 4 to 8, all  
filthy, tattered, the children  
moon faced, and smelly nosed.  
At another spot, the streets were  
lined with tenements, 2 stories  
high, each house 6 to 10 feet  
square, wall to wall, totally  
without paint or windows, children  
poking out the doors like extras.



that wouldn't fit in the car.

Then, we got to the main drag, where I bought the present writing implement. It's a replica of a Parker 51, with gold cap, marked "U.S. Parker 51, New Style." It does all right, but the point is too fine for me. The quoted price was 48,000 Won, the purchase price 14,000 Won. Still looking, we ended up in a real Korean area, went into a store, we thought, only to find that what we were entering was not a store, but a long narrow alleyway, 2 feet wide. Between months that's selling every thing from socks, pig's knuckles, and hocks, to futon mats, nails, and horse manure. We got lost in that place for half an hour before finally we escaped. The beauty is indescribable, but I got some pictures to show it, in part.

The weather is getting warmer, and the manure is warming with



it, the aroma is rising to breathe  
all in its balm.

Today, I got another letter  
from home. Darling, your letters  
are wonderful, I've threats for  
me, and in the past 3 weeks,  
I've gotten three.

Your full tax receipt is  
in that long bond box. The key  
is among that batch I left on the  
table. The place to get  
the tires is Boyle-Sweater Tire  
Company, on the corner of Church  
Street and 3rd St., across from  
the court house and post office.  
So long for now darling.  
Good night.





17 March 1954

My dearest -

Happy St. Patrick's day. There are dozens of St. Pat parties in the vicinity, but 14th St. N. was prohibited by the C.D. from having one. I think that all he does appear of is himself. I've never seen a prettier commander in my life. Not only does he not inspire his men, but he seems to purposely antagonize them, insult them, humiliate them, and demoralize them. Today, though, was very similar to every other day. It dawned bright and clear, and cool, so that the O.R. was rather icy till 0900 or so, since the P.O. is conserving heat.

I scrubbed on a triple antiseptic of the ankle, then a knee fusion, then had the most awful decoction of meat loaf ever served. This afternoon, red tape again intervened in the orderly procedure of caring for patients. All the doctors were dragged out to count the patients



who've had amputations, in lots  
of above or below the knee amputees.  
A first year high school student  
can count, but not in the army.  
Tonight, I joined the Pusan  
County Medical Society. It seems  
that they meet once a month, that  
the dues are zero, and all military  
personnel in the area are eligible,  
so I joined. The discussion was  
an interesting panel session on  
parasitology as regards Korea.  
It seems that 100% of the people  
of Korea have an infestation, with  
an average of 2.9 different infestations  
per patient.

Oh, I forgot to mention, I  
finally got some Korean coins.  
My Chief came back today, from  
Daejeon with his teeth fixed, and had  
given me a 1 Won and a 10 Won  
piece. Now, I have Korean money.  
The Chief has a friend at Camp  
Nav-Hee who is in the Signal  
Team dispersion section, where  
he is writing today to find out  
about the status of our team. We're



lost one corpsman, and are due  
to lose 2 more in about 3 weeks,  
to expiration, and by June will  
be down to 4 of them. We officers  
are in another boat. Tony is due  
out next January. Gus Siefert  
in February, and Din due out  
between the coming July 1 and  
the following one. Both of them  
were V-12 ASTP graduates. If I  
stay in as long as they, or rather  
as long as the V-12 - ASTP group,  
I'm going to be read as hell. Still  
no word from the Bureau about  
my status.  
Good night, beloved.



18 March 1952

My darling -  
Well, and so, and such,  
another day has dragged past.  
Another day to subtract from  
my time in this delightful (ugh!)  
place. I am disturbed and disturbed  
at an early hour, such as 0700,  
and was there a pretty conceit  
that, sky of tattered gray and  
old sunset blacking the high stark  
silhouettes of Fort Lills, holding  
a lid on the exhaust of space which  
ordinarily keeps the folk of this country  
down to a violent stretch for  
the O.R. today, I assisted in a  
dual entry bone graft to a humerus.  
I got to take the graft from the  
tibia, my first of three, and it  
came out perfectly. This after-  
noon, I picked up a ruptured ap-  
pendix on my watch, got several  
honest work hours gone through.  
Since then, I've had a delightful  
steak dinner, have gotten a letter  
from St. Mills at Portsmouth,  
in which he gave me a very



good discussion of osteo, and a  
very nice bit of penicillin. The  
more I have to do with that man,  
the more I admire him. He seems  
to be a really good orthoped, more  
than a little absorbed in the welfare  
of his patients. It's too bad  
he's ruined his chances of further  
promotion by his fight for that  
patients' welfare. I've probably  
mentioned before that he took his  
boards in January, so he's probably  
a board man by now.

Tonight, I'm planning to read  
upon my cases for tomorrow. I  
have a split heel drainage to  
do for osteo of the os iliois, and  
a femoral sequestrectomy. Altogether,  
I now have 30 patients waiting  
to be operated on, already down  
at the prep hut, which means that  
they'll be done within a week. I  
should end up with a busy one.

I'm getting near to the  
end of this book, and to the  
end of my month here before  
I write you my whereabouts,



and it appears that we'll be  
here for a while. Really, too, I'm  
exceedingly glad to approach the  
Dead End. I am at your  
know. I don't like to keep you  
unaware of my location, and I  
didn't like to do this, but I  
wasn't sure exactly what was  
cooking, and I felt that in this  
way, I'd save your worry too.  
I love you, my darling,  
constantly. I yearn for the feel  
of you in my arms. I long to  
walk with you in the rain,  
feel the cool wetness in my face,  
and the warmth of your soft hand  
in mine; I long to sit with  
you in the cat under a full  
moon, and absorb the magic of  
that old man; I long to look  
at you across the breakfast  
table, early, unmasked, with  
that face like an angel from  
heaven, your hair like a golden  
halo above your soft, sweet,  
happy face, the warm green  
eyes laughing at me; I long



then to take you in my lap, and  
rest my head on your breast,  
lead your happy heart heart  
for me through your negligence,  
watch the small round bulge of  
your tumbling side and fall with  
your sweet breath, to watch  
I feel you vibrate with expectation  
as the light leaves the room, then  
to feel your hair like a cool  
air on my face and your warm  
moist lips on my ear, my eyes,  
then my mouth. Then your gentle  
weight in my arms.  
Good night, my love.



19 March 1957

My darling -

Today was a rather day at the institution of mercy. Lady Mary Lutton came by for a visit. She pulled in her roll. Rags around 0830, flaked by a mix of jiggs and a British staff. It was in the process of doing a curvetage of an ostrich in the knee, when she came to the OR to look around. She pulled my shoulder to look over, so I decided to give her a show, and did. The infection was local to begin with, i.e. lots of thick foul pus and necrotic bone. I got the ones the biologist to release the tension as she approached, so that blots of gore filled the field, mixed with pus, then I took my curvet into a nice pocket under tension just as her face probed over my shoulder. My arm was a trifle off, but good enough to get her nose out of the OR. Next, I did



my split head things. Tomorrow,  
I have a fly skin graft to do, followed  
by a general sequestration, a  
good AM's work, when you consider  
that for each case I do, I help  
my first assistant on one, as his  
first assistant.

Oh, another bit of humor.  
General Youn here, is a super  
bug on fire prevention, and  
last week, wrote on the subject,  
had his fatal plates made in  
English and Korean, attached  
to every store in Korea, saying "Use  
kerosene oil only; caution, be  
careful with fire." Today,  
his personal mess hall burned  
to the ground. He had kitchen.

This PM, all was rather  
quiet on the ward. Am getting  
over a good round now, and  
should be in ~~spike~~ shape in a  
few days, to take anyone  
along and show him a well  
run, well organized hospital  
ward. Tomorrow, the 8th Army  
Consultant is coming to try



ward, to hear about and see  
the results of split holdings up,  
and I have 6 of them who are  
old enough for follow up, and  
two fresh ones as early as tops  
for him to see. I hope it satis-  
fies him.

Tonight, again, is Big night,  
so I'm playing chess with Chuck  
Mack again. All's well, and  
all's quiet. No suits for the moment,  
either here or at Tokyo do, so we  
aren't started in. No progress at  
Panmunjom, but with the allies  
playing party-wait without the  
US, the guts to back their own  
stand, what can be expected?  
The real flare-up has occurred on  
the front, and the weather is  
warming to make spin activity  
feasible. Possibly, the next  
station will again be at  
Yokosuka. My JAP will  
expire in 2 months, at which  
time I'll either be rehired  
here, or will have to be issued  
a fresh set of orders.



Good night, my dearest one,  
Take all my heart, and all my  
love; then give Allan and Paula  
a lovely kiss and say goodnight.



20 May 1953

My dearest angel -

Tomorrow it will be going,  
and today is the day of the heavy  
snow back home. I hope  
that the former will stand,  
and won't say for a thousand  
years, but the latter, I hope  
for your sake, takes a day  
of exception. Last night, Chuck  
and I played an innumerable  
collection of chess games, one a  
stalemate, and all even on the  
spot. We kill an evening some-  
thing fierce when we get started  
on that game. Tonight, again,  
will be the Bingo night, so I  
think we'll probably play again.

After the game, we came  
out into what had been a  
rather gray evening, to find that  
the monsoon season had  
begun. It started about  
2100, poured in heavy sheets for  
about 6 hours, and left the  
roads under 4 to 6 inches deep  
in water, with an additional



3 or 4 inches of sucking mud  
beneath, with a deep coat of  
mud over the entire country side.  
Today, I dunned galoshes for the  
first time in many years.

I began the day by rising  
hell in the O.R. because there  
was no heat; usually we have  
a very slight touch to edge the  
chill, and my patients were lying  
on stretchers in the hall, &  
shivering horribly. Finally, that  
got someone in the hall, the  
C.O. came down, then he arranged  
in quiet bellows to have the  
stove fixed.

Then, I did my skin graft,  
and my sequestrectomy. At  
the other table in the room I  
was in, an amputation was  
going on, for a poor stump,  
I got arranged to get it.  
This afternoon, Mark London  
and I took it and did a thorough  
dissection. It was a perfect  
specimen, from suprapubic  
to knee, to mid thigh. I didn't



got to my ward, but with a  
good piece of anatomy to work  
on, I let the ward fall off  
for a day. At last, I'll get  
a little education out of  
this place.

At noon today, one of our  
house maids, called "mahrasan",  
brought her little boy out  
for a chest X-ray because of  
a cough. He's a quite little  
fellow of 4, Korean style,  
which is 2 years out style,  
but seems to be a little on  
the backward side, subdued,  
quiet, afraid to leave his  
mama. I took him outside  
and took pictures of him &  
his mama, then I took  
one of the child on my  
lap, with his mama, then  
everyone here came  
out to take pictures with  
the little fellow in them. They  
will be in my next post.  
The X-ray on this kid,  
unfortunately, showed an

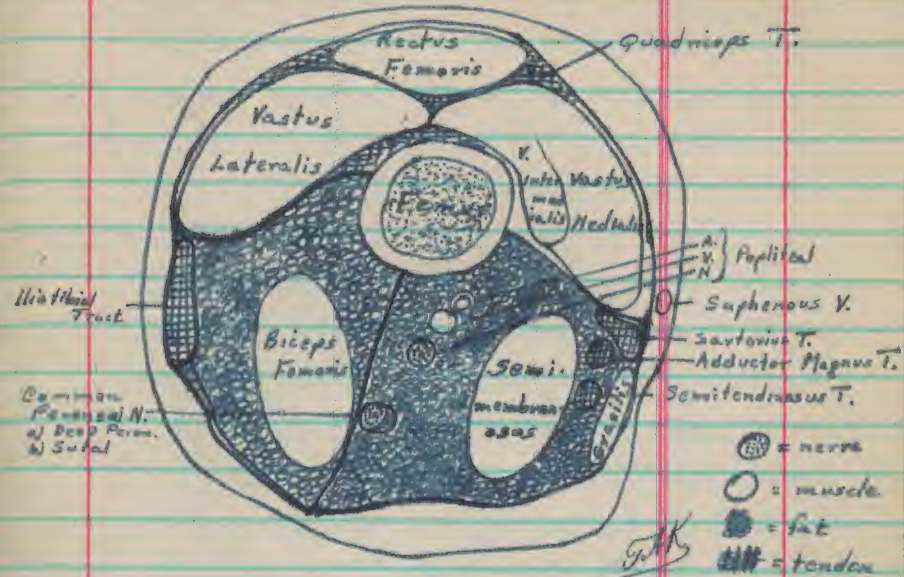


extensive by low tuberculosis.

In America, proper treatment for about a year, and he'll be cured. Since pneumonia is usually curable, not just arrestable, but in this country well, it's a different proposition.

No mail today, though, so I content myself with reading the three I have gotten since the last week of last month. And even better, I haven't yet gotten the khakis, and time for khakis is about here. How about checking on it. I hope that the package was insured. Too, I haven't gotten the pictures of your three wonderful ones yet; I hope you've gotten them, and have sent them. Goodnight, my darling.





Supracondylar Cross Section



21 March

My Darling -

Today spring springs from its hibernation and officially, will have no further cold weather. Too, the day did its best to keep up with the calendar. It was a lovely, sunny, balmy day, caused the sweet aroma of honey to enthrall the camp in its heady fragrance.

The day began ~~thickly~~ with promise, and progressed without fulfillment, but with fun even ~~more~~ than promise. I'd been scheduled on 3 cases, 2 of my own and one of Hank's, so that I'd be there early, & could get paid today. My case was the removal of the head of the fibula, for better about a shell payment. I began by dissecting out the peroneal nerve, then had to remove it from the fibula with a periosteal elevator, because of the scar tissue fibrosis. Our circulating nurse, a hideous old bat. With a face of unknown



appearance beneath an inch of  
paint, became apparent because  
we were being so careful, saying  
it was all because of yesterday's  
dissection that we were so particular  
because it had never been done  
that way before. Each time she  
began to gripe I slowed down  
a bit. We did a good job, and  
took a full 2 hours. Then  
I think I had one of similar caliber.  
We put off the third case till  
afternoon because it was lunch  
time, and they won't save lunch  
for us, even if a case takes till 1:50.

This case was for tuberculous  
osteitis of the upper fibula, so we  
had to do it again. Minnie  
said that if we took over an hour  
she'd walk out and apply for a  
transfer. I asked flatly if she  
wanted an endorsement, and  
she flew her stick but good, and  
left. I sent word to her to send  
for my camera because I wanted  
to get a picture of the beautiful  
dissection, and she, believe it



or not, she did. She came in to tell me about it, and I told her to cancel it because I'd finish. That did it. She won't speak to me for a month, and believe me, that will be a relief.

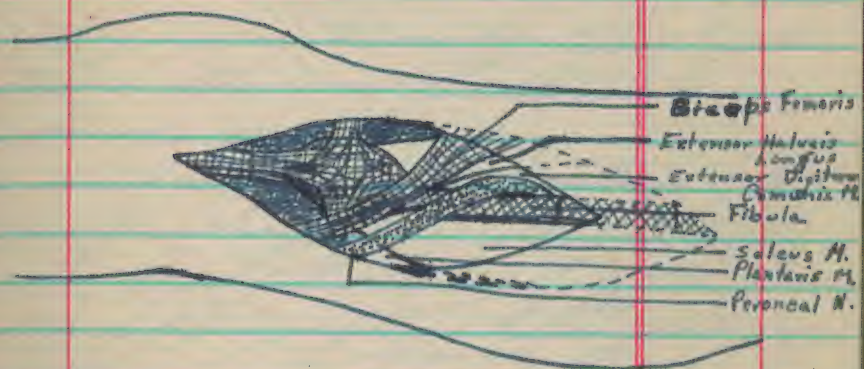
After I got out, I found that she'd gone to the chief of orthopedics, to the chief of surgery, and to the C.D., saying that she and I had gone away, were "studying history" in the O.R., and that she couldn't see why we didn't operate "like everyone else, and just cut." I haven't heard their reaction yet, but if they raise any hell, that last part of Mumma's statement is going to knock any of their remarks into a cocked hat.

After the O.R., I went up to the ward, and got a full day's work done there, and I ended the day with a delightful steak dinner. Now, I'm getting ready for a delightful shower and then the local movie, "A



place in the sun." It's a  
navy movie, provided here  
because the navy will loan  
1 movie a week for each 4  
navy men; we have 12, so rate 3  
a week. They're far better, and in  
far better condition than the  
Army's.  
Goodnight, my love.





○ = 1st.

○ = 2nd.



22 March 1952

My dearest darling Angela,  
And now, another day has  
sopped across the calendar. The  
trains have come and remain in  
sheets following each other from  
heaven as I sleep over the sea, they  
lie dormant, sinking slowly into  
the earth, converting it to a  
homogeneous soil.

The day was christened with  
powdered eggs scrambled in fish  
oil, during the middle of which  
my first symptoms of that great  
Western National disease began,  
like labor pains aimed at the  
backside, progressing to envelop  
me from xiphoid to glutei,  
increasing rapidly in severity  
till I halted, then returned  
for my coffee. I now seem to  
have worms. We had a good  
round session then, on  
orthopedic lesions of the upper  
extremity. It was, at least for  
me, very educational.  
I took off for town then,



hitchhiking down the mud  
puddles of Korea, to Pusan.  
I should have had a hat.

I got paid, and purchased  
a new pen, the which I am now  
using. It's a lovely little Parker  
51, Lakeside price \$19.95, SS price  
\$8.00. I ran into Jack Howard  
on the "Consolation" and invited  
him out to see my ward. He's  
coming this week.

He got to Yokosuka on the  
day I left, and has been here  
for 1 week. He told me that  
Ed Sherman finally has  
gotten to the "Manchester"  
and is up the coast somewhere  
now. I'll bet his got that  
formerly happy ship into a  
state of completely moraled  
upstate.

Also, he brought me  
news from the mob at Yoko-  
suka. Remember, I told you  
about Bill Turkey den's great  
depression? I didn't finish it  
because I wasn't sure of the



outcome. Bill had come up  
from Otaw as I described, but  
had been sent with an N-P  
consultation of his own. He  
was admitted with a diagnosis  
of Acute Anxiety Reaction and  
Mild Adjustment. Now, he  
has been sent back stateside to  
his home. He'll probably  
be cured by returning to his  
home. It's terrible to be so dependent.  
I love and adore you, and away  
from you am never completely  
happy and at ease, but I'll  
not go. It's a depressive neurotic  
depression, I hope.

This afternoon, I dillydilly  
about the ward, but with this  
rain, I couldn't quite see my way  
thru the mud for any complete  
affair. There are more patients  
than doctors, and a day lost  
for a P.W. is not as bad to the  
army as a day lost for a doctor.

Again, we had our ration  
of chicken from the chicken front.  
The C.D. dished it out in



double handfuls of officers' call.

Afterward, he asked one of the officers why so many of the men have put in for transfers. Ray didn't want to answer, so the Col. ordered an answer. Ray, "They don't like to put up with all the new chicken shit that come in with you." Col. became extremely apoplectic and blurted out, "The old bastard asked for it and got it."

Tonight, we had an informal meeting of camera fans, and showed color trays *parvulus*. I got a roll back today with my new lens, so I took them over. It was a nice little get together, so several of us decided to form a camera club. If we do, I'll get my pictures bent back here for a while. My pictures are all pretty good, and a few are exceptional. When I leave here, I'll send them to you.

I got a letter from you



today dear, written on the 10<sup>th</sup>.

Darling, please don't wait so long  
between them, that's nine days  
between letters. If you don't  
care to write me, just say so,  
but please let me know if  
you don't.

Last Sunday, the sermon  
was on writing home, & keep  
meale up on the home front  
so that you wouldn't be lonely,  
and wouldn't think of forgetting  
you. We were chastised severely.  
Darling, that goes both ways,  
and 4 letters from you in a  
month is not an excess.  
Please write, Darling.

Good night.



23 March 1952

My dearest angel

This will probably be the last letter of the book, and tomorrow, it goes into the mail. Today has been a wonderful one, and this with, too, especially.

It began early, at 0600, when that Great Korean Disease awoke me with a bang, and a dash. I had an early breakfast, then got to my work and got in a full day's work in time for lunch. After things, I got all dressed up to go to compound where the P.W.'s were putting on a show for the G.I.'s. All doctors and officers were invited, and great disappointment was expressed when all were not present. It began as we began to enter, all the P.W.'s in the camp, and in the audience, stood up as we walked in, one at a time, and applauded us individually. Then, we were presented with paper flowers, of rare beauty and taste, made with



exceptional skill. Mine was a cartoon,  
white with a red center, so lifelike  
that at 3 feet, you'd think it real. We  
were seated up front in special  
seats, and the spokesman - H.C.  
introduced the Korean doctor of the  
company, who started off by saying,  
in perfect English, "Jim Westcott,  
but I speak English with such  
poor fluency," then delivered an  
extremely flowery tribute to the  
Americans for all they've done  
to help Korea, to stamp out the  
"brutality of Communism", and  
"the kindness of the Americans for  
their care of our prisoners of war."

Next, a glee club sang a  
number of songs in Korean,  
some American barbershop  
harmonies ("The Bullfrog on the Bank,  
for one) and some Korean. Then  
the Harmonicats took over for  
a while, and finally a dildish  
symple magician. Really, though,  
they were all good.

The main body of the  
program then came on, a



Korean version of Act III of  
Hugo's "Les Misérables." Korean  
Theatrics are a variety unto  
themselves, but the presentation  
was marvelous. I've never enjoyed  
anything so much in my life. I  
had an interpreter & my fellow  
to keep me posted, but even  
without him, it would have  
been next to impossible to  
lose the way, the acting was  
so superb. Hollywood could  
take lessons in acting from  
these people.

I had my camera, but  
the gaslight was dim. I got  
up wide at f3.5, and took  
three exposures of 3 to 8 seconds,  
held by hand. I hope they come  
out. I know that the character  
speaking as I shot will be  
blurred, but not the others.  
The system of acting here is  
such that the who is speaking  
is also violently reacting,  
while all the others are. I stood  
still in whatever pose they



held as they cease their last  
speech. My fingers are crossed  
about the pictures though.  
Even if you don't like them,  
save them for me.

I counted up my operations  
here to date, and find I've  
done 24 in my 23 days  
here, and have 5 more to do  
tomorrow, with Ann doing  
4. We'll be in the OR till  
midnight.

Goodnight, my dearest  
angel. With all my heart, I  
love you. I hope you don't feel  
I've tried to deceive you by writing  
this way; I honestly felt when I  
left that I'd probably be at  
the front by now, and back  
again, and wanted to write  
you daily, but didn't want  
you to worry. Now, it seems  
that I'll be here for a while, so  
I say, my angel, don't worry  
about me here, all's well.

Give Laura a little  
hug for me, and Allen a



short blast on my pipe, read.

Tell him his Daddy is thinking of him all the time, and really, is sorry he can't come home to him today.

I Give Dad a kiss and mean a big hug. Tell her to hang on for the silk, it'll be forth coming soon, if I get back to Japan soon. Tell Pong it was the lucky old penny that gave me that had kept me back here in Pusan.

Tell Betty I'll write her as soon as I'm sure this will get to you first.

Darling, then take all my love to a quiet spot with you and cherish it, jilt you constantly, wholly, and forever.

Good night, my heart of hearts.

Your loving husband  
Tom



